

## Village Head 70

### Chapter 70 The Gifts (2)

The majestic bird stood tall, its size and features rivalling that of a fully-grown golden eagle. Yet, what caught Orion's attention was the small white horn at the centre of its head, giving it an otherworldly appearance. Suddenly, the boy's feathers began to rustle once more, a sure sign that he was transforming yet again. As she watched, she realized that this was no ordinary transformation - the feathers grew larger and more erratic, until it was clear that he was morphing back into a human. In under thirty seconds, the transformation was complete. Turning towards Fiona, he revealed, "I discovered that I can transform into three different peculiar creatures. However, I'm still getting the hang of it and will reveal them to you one by one. For now, I am a little tired and can't properly control my energy!"

Fiona's head bobbed in empathetic understanding, fully comprehending the boy's predicament. She had been in his shoes before and knew how arduous it could be for a novice to utilize their gifts repeatedly without succumbing to exhaustion. Nonetheless, she was eager to see him grow and develop his gift. With each transformation, they would learn more about the extent of his gift and the duration of his stamina.

After a glance at the three women in the corner, Fiona signalled for the boy to return to his seat. She ensured that they had captured every detail of his amazing transformation, so nothing would be lost in the retelling of the tale. Then, she gestured to the next person, ready to bear witness to their gifts.

The next person stepped forward, a girl with an air of confidence surrounding her. With a graceful stride, she extended her right hand, and within seconds, it was engulfed in a dazzling emerald light that was almost tangible. As the light intensified, a gentle breeze began to swirl beneath her palm, growing stronger and stronger until it was a full-blown gale.

Without warning, the girl flung her arm forward, unleashing the tempest from her hand. Fiona and the others watched with bated breath as the wind arced across the room, striking the walls with an explosive force.

With a resounding "Ting!" the wind arch dissipated, leaving behind a deep, jagged cut on the wall where it had struck. The girl beamed with pride as she turned to Fiona, eager for feedback. "I'm not certain if I can make it any bigger, but that's the best I can do for now," she admitted.

Fiona gave a nod of approval, impressed by the girl's display of skill. "That's more than enough for now. You may take your seat," she said, gesturing for the girl to return to her spot, before checking back to confirm if everything was written down.

With a satisfied smile, she cast her eyes over the four remaining people who were yet to showcase their gifts, before she turned to the others and said, "Alright everyone, let's start heading to the farm."

Fiona strode forward with purpose, leading the group out of the village chief's compound. The others trailed behind her as they made their way towards the farm. After a few minutes of walking, they arrived at their destination - the farm - just as they had the day before.

No matter how many times Orion had gazed upon the lush forest and the farm nestled within it, he could never tire of its splendour. Each time he laid his eyes upon it, a distinct feeling of awe and wonder washed over him, like a self-soothing therapy that never failed to rejuvenate his soul.

With a flick of her wrist, Fiona effortlessly presented her chip to the guards, wasting no time in leading the group towards Mrs Shani's wooden hut. As they approached, Fiona rapped on the door of the wooden hut with a sense of familiarity. Almost instantly, they could hear the sound of footsteps approaching until the door creaked open.

"You're finally here," Mrs Shani remarked, eyeing the group of children and their teacher with a raised brow. Though she had been expecting them an hour ago, she had little idea what could have held them up.

Fiona nodded in agreement before launching into an explanation. "Yes, but you see, some of my students awakened their gifts today, so I needed to check it out before coming to the farm," she said, her tone apologetic yet proud.

As expected, Mrs Shani nodded in understanding, having heard that same excuse countless times before. Whatever happens during the annual ritual of awakening gifts among young adults was nothing new to her.

Her sharp gaze swept over the group before settling back on Fiona. "And who are the ones that have awakened their gifts?" she inquired, her tone brimming with curiosity.

Fiona wasted no time in motioning for the seven young adults who had awakened their gifts to step forward and separate themselves from the rest of the group. With four girls and three boys in tow, Fiona turned to Mrs Shani and said, "These are the ones that have awakened their gifts. The others have asked to demonstrate their gifts once we're on the farm."

Mrs Shani nodded thoughtfully, her eyes scanning over the seven young adults before turning her attention back to Fiona and the remaining pupils behind her. "Just wait a minute," she said, before disappearing back into her wooden abode. Moments later, she emerged carrying the same burlap sack they had used to collect fruits from the trees yesterday.

With a smile on her face, Mrs Shani kept the sack in front of the group and watched with satisfaction as each child eagerly reached in to pick one without even needing to be told what to do. Impressed by their decisiveness, she turned to Fiona and said, "Why don't you go help out on the farm? Don't worry about the other students who have already discovered their gifts, I'll take care of them and bring everyone back at the end of the day."

With a knowing nod, Fiona understood that there was no point in disputing with the woman, as she was one of the trusted caretakers of the farm. She was well aware of her responsibilities, so without uttering a word, she turned towards her young pupils and firmly stated, "Behave yourselves." Then, with a decisive stride, she gestured for the other students who were standing behind her to follow along as they ventured into the lush and dense forest that lay within the farm's boundaries.